J K Hawkins


# The Radical.

J. H. D. Henderson, Editor — The Union of the States and the States of the Union. — and Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**The Fool's Pence.**

In the year 183—, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop called "The Punch Bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire screens! all so bright and fresh! Then, the elegant stone copings to your windows, and those beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteelest boarding school! your shop is the best furnished, and your cellars are the best filled in all this part of Lunnun. Where can you find the needful for all these grand things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of smiling contempt through the half-open door, into the shop, filled with drouthy customers. "The fool's pence! 'tis the fool's pence that does it for us," she said. And her voice rose more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she left.

Her words reached the ears of one of her customers, George Manly, the capenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano; and he thought to himself how strange it is! how curious, that all this wretchedness on my left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right.

"Well sir—and what's for you?" said the shrill voice which had made the fool's pence ring in his ears.

"A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I've paid the last *fool's pence* that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would have been struck by the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them his returning so early that night, and returning sober and in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night, wife," said George, "or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much by candle light."

His wife smiled and said, *working* does not hurt my eyes;" and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart, in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see?" said his father. "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

John was a plain spoken boy, and had a straight forward way. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said, "The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, that he was sure that you had been drinking away-all the money; and when he was gone mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying, till I saw the tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words; and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No,' said John, coloring; I said, you were a bad man! I said, bad, father!"

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said his mother; "but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife; and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up, and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a begining of better doings, on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard working, uncomplaining Sarah, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength; he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined, from that hour, never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder of the Punch Bowl, was walking with her daughters to the tea gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; and had become at least half-drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidinesss from all others near it. Its good natured mistress and her two daughters did all they could to dry and wipe away the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk gowns, all draggled and soiled, and to repair, as far as possible, every mischief done to their dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and, as Miss Lucy said, they "began to look like themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a large arm chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward, and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Bible and whose face had just caught her eye—"Why, my good man, we are old friends! I know your face, I'm certain; still there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out o. health," said George Manly smiling; "now, thank God, I am comfortly clad, and in excellent health."

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never catch a sight of you now?"

"Madam," said he, "I am sure I wish you well—nay, I have reason to thank you; for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half-naked and half-starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now; for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year—*'tis the Fool's Pence that have done all this for us.* The fool's pence! I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry; and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.—*South Lit. Mes.*

**Eccentricities of Men of Genius.**

Many have exhibited foibles and vices in proportion to the magnitude of the talents by which they were raised above other men, lest perhaps they might carry themselves too much above common humanity. Pope was an epicure, and would be in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for days, unless he was told there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly, and came to the table. Even Sir Isaac Newton gave credit to the idle nonsense of judicial astrology; he who first calculated the distances of the stars, and revealed the laws of motion by which the Supreme Being organizes and keeps in their orbits unnumbered worlds; he who revealed the mysteries of the stars themselves. Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary, believed in the same absurdity. The great Duke of Marlborough, when visited by Prince Eugene on the night before a battle, when no doubt the two generals were in consultation upon a measure that might decide the fate of an empire, was heard to call his servants to account for lighting up four candles in his tent upon the occasion, and was actually once seen on horseback darning his own gloves. Hobbes, who wrote the "Leviathan,' a deist in creed, had a most extraordinary belief in spirits and apparitions. Locke, the philosopher, the matter-of-fact Locke, who wrote, and in fact established the decision of things by the rule of right reason, laying down the rule itself, delighted in romances, and reveled in works of fiction. What was the great Lord Verulam? Alas! too truly, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." As for Martin Luther, the Reformer, he was so passionate and unchristian-like, that he struck his friends, Melancthon in particular, and perhaps would have burned him, as readily as an Inquisitor in those days would have burned a heretic, in the paroxysms of his rage. Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of a great empire, believed in the calculation of nativities. Sir Thomas Moore burned the heretic to whom in his writings he gave full liberty of conscience. Alexander the Great was a drunkard, and slew his friends in his cups. Cæsar sullied the glory o. his talents by the desire of governing his country despotically, and died the victim of his ambition, though one of the wisest, most accomplished, and humane of conquerers; but we are traveling too far back for examples which should be taken from later times. Tasso believed in his good angels, and was often observed to converse with what he fancied was a spirit or demon, which he declared he saw. Raphael, the most gifted artist the world ever produced, died at the age of thirty-seven, his constitution weakened by irregular living. Dr. Samuel Johnson was notoriously superstitious. Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral, was a believer in dreams. He had a pleurisy once, being in Paris, and believed he was in a place where palm trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic dress gave him some dates. The next day he sent for some dates, in full belief of their revealed virtues, and they cured him. Dr. Halley had the same superstitious belief. Melancthon believed in dreams or apparitions, and used to say that one came to him in his study, and told him to bid Guynæus, his friend, to go away for some time, as the Inquisition sought his life. His friend went away in consequence, and thus, by accident, really saved his life. Addison was fond of the bottle, and is said to have shortened his days by it.—Burns, the poet, was a hard drinker, and there can be no doubt wore out his constitution by his conviviality. Goldsmith was a gambler, and the victim of the fraudulent. Prior was the dupe o a common woman, whom he believed to be an angel. Garrick was as vain as any woman, and equally loved flattery. Kneller's vanity was such that nothing was too gross for him to swallow. Porsyn, the first of Greek scholars, was a notorious tippler.

We might multiply examples of this kind without end, but we need not have quoted so many, to exhibit how wisely and well the balance is poised, to keep human pride within due limits. The same lesson has been taught in all ages; we must, therefore, take our fellow men while living, with the full recollection of their foibles and failings. When they are taken away from us, and our flattery can no longer injure them, our admiration may have its full measure, and we are justified in suffering their glory, which may serve the living for an example of emulation, to blaze in full refulgence; that being their more noble earthly quality, destined for the benefit of future ages in the way of instruction, imitation, or to afford harmless amusement.

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly association, which the tired frame and thankful soul hails with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return.

It is then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotton;—that the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of a rest, so wisely and beneficiently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he had been a stranger perhaps the past week where a loving wife and smiling chilldren meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard-earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps, more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons and under these congenial circumstances—so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical acme of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge—now gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose care does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on joys ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to statiate the joyfraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.

It leads him to the Lamb of God for protection; and rationally points out the way to joys on high—an endless Sabbath—a perpetual rest for the vigilant, the watchful, the faithful.

**READING AND STUDY.**

One of the great defects of self-training at the present day is, that there is much more reading than study. Both of those are indispensable to their proper relations, but neither of them can take the place of the other. Reading is necessary to furnish us with the facts of the present and former ages; it gives us the materials of thought; it directs our minds; without much effort on our part, into new and delightful channels, and thus perfects our taste and forms our style; and it affords, at a cheap rate, a high and mental luxury. But reading is not study. A man might read a world of books, and good books too, and yet not possess the shadow of a claim to scholarship.—A trained mind, a thoroughly educated mind, is the product only of study. Every person should devote some portion of his time to the acquisition of a definite branch of knowledge, and he should set about it with a full purpose to master the subject; and he would superinduce those habits of mental discipline and self-control—that facility in consecutive inquiries, which would prepare him to grasp, and analize, and comprehend other subjects. This is a business that every man must do for himself. No school or college can perform it for him, no learned professor or public lecturer can point out any royal road in these attainments. But I must add, that there is much more light reading at the present day than solid.

We believe in an age of book-making, and it would be but common praise to say that the productions of the age are read—they are literally devoured. But many of these productions are of a light and trivial character, and successive ones are becoming more so. The popular novels of the day, for example began with the "Great Unknown," and they are likely to end, if an everlasting thread could have an end, with the writings of every "little well-known," on both sides of the Atlantic. For these effusions, and those of certain modern bards who have whipped the materials of poetry into froth and foam, the standard English classics in prose and verse must be laid aside; and these mere comets—you may add blazing, if you please, for they afford not only scintillations, but flames of genius now and then—are to be the intellectual polar star to direct on the ocean of life, the bark that carries the rising generation. The whole class of writings which constitute what may be called the "Pickwick" literature, while it contains fine touches in that kind of description in which it abounds, is of very doubtful intellectual tendency. It is a little like dining on pepper and salt, and terminating the feast with a whip-syllabub for a desert.—*Dr. Beman.*

**Domestic Training.**

Permit me to say to those mothers who interest themselves in the education of their children, be assiduous early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl sit by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family. Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand is capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman. Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful.—Teach her that not selfish gratification, of even the humblest dependant, is the business of her sex. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you. Especially if you visit the aged, or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer, and learn those nursing services which afford relief to pain.—Associate her with you. Make her your friend. Purify and perfect your own example for her sake. And while you mingle with domestic training and with the germ of benevolence, a knowledge of the world of books, to which it will be a sweet privilege to introduce her, should you be able to add not a single fashionable accomplishment, still be continually thankful in shielding her from the contagion of evil example.—[*Patriarch.*

**The Music of Nature.**

Nature, through all her depths, is replete with music, varied in its tones and rich in its melody. There is music in the stillness of the twilight hour—in the voices of the balmy breeze as it sighs amid the stirring leaves of the star-lit grove, or sleeps upon the calm bosom of the reposing waters; in the bubbling of the inland fountain, and the thunderings of the foaming cataract—in the ripplings of the mountain rill, and the majestic voice of the storm-stirred sea. There is music in the joyous symphonies of the glad songster of the grove beneath, and the mutterings of the pealing thunders above. In heaven—on earth—in the out-spread skies and the invisible air;—in the solitary dell and on the high mountain's cloud-veiled top, where human footsteps have never left an echo—in the deepest cells of the passion-stirred heart, and the inanimate depths of the material world; and in the dim rays of earth and the beams of those Celestial Lights which gem the high firmament and light the angels to their evening orisons; in the tones of woman's voice on earth and the devotions, of the spirits of the better land; in all, through all, and over all; and forever vibrating—the rich music of universal harmony and the deep tones of undying melody! Thousands of invisible harps are pouring their united melody through the depths of air and earth, and millions of arch-angels touch their heaven-strung lyres and send celestial harmony through the vast halls of the temple of the living God, up to the burning throne of the Dread Eternal One! It is the air of the earth—it is the atmosphere of heaven!—the unbounded universe is one sleepless lyre, whose chords of love, and hope, and purity, and peace, are fanned into a dreamy and mystic melody by the breath of the invisible God!—[*Morning Star.*

Truth wears well, and sits easier on the wearer; while new fangled errors, like new fashioned clothes, please for a while, but pinch me hard for the sake of the feshion.

Every man who owes any thing, no matter how small the amount, may take the advantage of the Bankrupt law. But no man can be *compelled* by his creditors to become a bankrupt under it unless he owes $200 or more.

**Mode of Harvesting Buckwheat.**

Mr. E. Freeman, of Framingham, has raised a beautiful field of buckwheat on some of his lightest, poorest land. In April he sowed this land with a bushel of rye to the acre, and in the last of June he buried all this rye with his plough using a foot in the beam, and a cross bar at the bottom of the foot to lay the straw rye flat, so that it might be buried in the furrow. He sowed buckwheat, one bushel to the acre, and it was his intention to plough in the buckwheat straw in August as he had done the rye; but when he saw what a harvest of buckwheat he might have he hesitated about turning into manure. On seeing it, our advice was to save the grain, and keep the same field for buckwheat next summer, as the land is not suitable for large crops of grass being too light and porus to hold either moisture or manure.

Mr. F. concluded to take that course, and he began to harvest his wheat by mowing it with a common scythe. Afterwards he engaged a man to cut it with a grain cradle—it was thus laid in gavels like rye or oats—without suffering it to lie long in the gavel, he raked it into heaps of the size of common bundles, and then—*without binding*—he set these bundles on one end to let the tops dry, and the beards of the grain held the whole bundle together sufficiently strong to keep the grain from the ground.

It was Mr. Freeman's calculation to let these bundles stand two or three days then cart them and thresh out the grain immediately, before it should gather any moisture from the straw. And we are inclined to think this the best mode of harvesting this valuable grain. If we mow it with a common scythe, we must rake over the whole ground, and the grain shells out so easily, we lose some every time we stir it—these bundles stand up so well they need not be moved or stirred until they are dry enough to be carted, and they need not be moved but once. No binding or unbinding is necessary, and the expense of harvesting is not half so great as the harvesting of common wheat. Mr. Freeman will probably have thirty bushels to the acre.—[*Bos. Cult.*